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Conscience.

THROUGHOUT the day, with ever changing light,
Or when in darkness shrouded sleeps the night,
At home with friends, or lost in distant lands,
Deep woodland delve, or dreary, wasting sands;
Wherever human hearts with beat succeeding beat
Mark Time's march, that never sounds retreat,
And soul's dark hour drags its weary length:
There comes a word, a look, a hand, a strength,
A voice that sings, or sighs, and seems to be
A herald of the great eternity.

Leo Faurot, '09.



A Voice of Spring.

FRANCE has been to us of the twentieth century a land of darkness where the sun shineth not; a land from which we seldom expect anything good in matters literary, and where all is materialism, in what they boastingly call a realistic period. For such a long time it has been so, too! Ever since the age of Montaigne, Rabelais and their contemporaries in thought, French literature has been under the influence of an infidel, materialistic and revolutionary school of writers, whose chief aim seemed to be the destruction of religion and morality and who have caused French literature to be a by-word.

We won't be too pessimistic; there is much good, no doubt, but it is a case of evil overshadowing the good. It might as well be all bad in some cases, for in literature as in life we well know that the evil makes a deep impression, while the good in its cloak of modesty hangs in the background and can hardly be distinguished from the rest. However, this French spirit seems to have reached its climax in Zola, the exponent of naturalism. When the climax is reached, reaction must sooner or later set in. Of this reaction, the first sign has already made its appearance and the far-off glimmer of a new dawn made by a sun as yet unseen is visible in France. While French officialdom still makes its public salaams to the goddess of unbelief and burns incense at her shrine, there are a few able men, true to religion and morality, who spread thoughts and ideas that are not the product of a diseased imagination. In short, it is back to the Church and Catholicism. These men, of whom Francois Coppee and Paul Bourget are the most prominent, are leaders in the vanguard of a time which is coming. And then there is Rene Bazin!

Rene Bazin! We already know him, even here in America. We Americans can congratulate ourselves on the fact that when there is anything good across the sea we get hold of it

pretty quick. Many have read "The Nun", although it came out only a short time ago. It is a magnificent protest against the inhuman policy of the French government and a noble vindication of the religious life. A sort of companion volume of it is a book which has recently appeared in English dress. It is "The Redemption" (De Toute Son Ame), by the same author.

Throughout the book we see the mark of the Frenchman,—the mark of the artist. It is the mark that will obtrude itself most readily on the English reader. Form! that one thing in which the French excel. Everything is in proper proportion: the sentences, paragraphs, chapters. Not too much, not too little. Just enough. And so clean and well-defined everything is in the book—the scenes, events and persons. The latter stand out sharply from the back-ground, exquisitely chiselled as a Grecian statue. They speak clear thoughts in clear language. None of the muddle that you find in some English and German novels. We account this an excellence, well deserving of study and imitation. A work of art—literary, musical or pictorial—must not lack form. It would seem that in this respect we have yet much to learn from the French.

Leaving the form, to consider the matter, we cannot help seeing that Rene Bazin is a man who is in sympathy with the people, who knows life, who has lived, in reality or in spirit, with people whom he describes, who knows of their longings and disappointments, their successes and failures, their virtues and vices; in a word, who knows his country-men, individually and collectively. To almost every reader there comes in the perusal of a work of fiction a subtle and indefinable feeling whether the characters are true to life, or only the vagary of an unskilled mind. To even the unreflecting reader of this book there must come the sense that the author copied these men from life; that the conditions he describes may be found in the France of to-day.

The author is a man who can appreciate the religious spirit, and who knows how deeply it can enter the hearts of people. There is no higher and nobler sacrifice than that of Henriette. She is a woman of the people, a child of sin, if you would call her so, and yet she finds time to heed the di-

vine call. She is the personification of the good and the ideal. In all her work she fulfills her duties, and often more than her duty, as when she gives money to her brother, Victor, when he has spent his all in debauchery. She does good in her daily life, and yet she is a common working woman. She will not unite herself with a man who woos her, and whose heart is noble, because she recognizes a higher ideal—something nobler, which she finds in the cloister. And yet she earns her daily bread, and has no more time than others to indulge in fancies and dreams. It is only one more call to relieve suffering France. But that call must be heeded, even if it means the relinquishment of love. The call of God to aid suffering humanity and to further the interests of religion is higher than that of mere nature.

Etienne! Are there many like him in France? Ah, if there are, Rene Bazin, your work and the work of your compatriots in spirit will not be so hard after all. He is a peasant, but he is a hero. A poet would call him one of nature's noblemen. I would call him one who was every inch a man. He gives us a wonderful lesson of self-denial and resignation to a will higher than his own. He waits long for his answer from Henriette; he lives in hope, but when it fails him he does not rebel; he does not rave; he does not despair or lose his temper, as a Frenchman is said to do. He bows to the inevitable, builds his sloop, and with himself as master sails away with his sailors to a new land, with no associations of the past. The old man, Madiot, is also noble in his type. He is the kind of man that an idealist would place in Napoleon's Guard of the Ten Thousand. Honest, as he was kind; open-hearted, as he was loving to Henriette. Forgiving even to Victor—the black sheep. Victor, the type of the thoughtless Frenchman of to-day—the man who thinks not of a tomorrow, who cares not for a God, and who lives his thirty years of debauchery in nauseating joy—if the ravages of consumption do not conquer him before that time.

We could go on writing much about each and every character. We could write a story of pathos about the little cripple; we could give a story to touch the heart, if we dwelt on the discharged fore-woman; we could weave a tale of sadness tinged with a solemn joy around a priest who stood

in the shadows of the grove and listened to the evening tramp, tramp, tramp, of tired working men and working women and working children; but let this suffice. It is enough to say that it is a story for the people, by one of the people.

Yes, Rene Bazin is a man of the people, a man who seeks to portray life as it is. He is a realist, but a sane realist; a man with ideals, an artist with a conscience and an aim. No mere copyist he, but a true artist who can mould his materials to a higher end. To be effective, art must reflect life, but in such a way that the good is made attractive and the bad repulsive, as it really is. This Rene Bazin does well, and therefore he has a message for the people of to-day, the man or woman of the shop or factory, whose joys and sorrows and problems are the theme of his novels. He does not ignore the bad, nor does he go out of his way to seek it, and if we do meet with it, we are not defiled by its touch. He has himself expressed his creed in the following words: "I believe that art has the purpose of elevating mankind; that it is subject, like every other human activity, to the laws of morality, and that those who sin most grievously against their brethren who by their books drag down their souls and extinguish in them the aspiration for better things, and deceive them as to the real purpose of life. To hide the bad seems puerile to me. But I find it very reprehensible to assist in its furtherance by representing it in such wise that it seems good and delectable. My conception of good and bad is that of the decalog. You see that these are merely Christian principles."

Indeed, these are merely Christian principles, the only principles upon which art may proceed, but they are not followed by all writers of fiction in these sensational times, least of all by those of France, and when we see that a man can follow them and still find favor with the public, both the critics and the people, we are tempted to call him a "Voice of Spring"—the spring of better art and better things generally in France.

CHARLES W. PFEFFER, '09.

The Quebec Act and Its Influences.

IT has often been asked why the Canadians, the majority of whom were not bound to England by ties of blood, failed to support the Thirteen Colonies during the Revolutionary War. The inquirers should look for an answer to that act passed by the English Parliament in 1774, known in Great Britain as the Quebec Act, in America as the act whereby "Popery" was established in Canada. Not only did it enlarge the boundaries of the province of Quebec, taking away much of the territory which had belonged to the Thirteen Colonies; but it also gave back to the clergy of Canada the right which they had enjoyed under French rule, to collect tithes for the support of the Catholic religion.

If passed to-day, this act would cause no fear of "Popish slavery," but in those days when bigotry was rampant; when the pope and the devil were placed on the same plane; when Catholicity was deemed worse than barbarism and responsible for all the evils that had afflicted the world since the time of Christ; when John Jay said that within a short time, the Canadians instigated by Great Britain, would swoop down upon the Thirteen Colonies and force the Catholic religion upon them; what wonder that every Protestant in America feared and hated such an act as that of 1774, and demanded its repeal.

The hatred and bigotry shown toward the Catholic Church exceeded all bounds after the passage of the Quebec Act. Congress sent a message to England in 1774, in which the Church was denounced by every adjective that John Jay, the writer of the message, could put upon paper. Washington signed his name to that shameful document. He was forced to such an action by the feeling of his colleagues. On the Fifth of November of the following year the army wished to celebrate "Pope day." Washington forbade the soldiers to take part in the celebration. One of his reasons for refusing to allow the army to engage in such a demonstration was

that he was then courting the favor of the Canadians and soliciting their support. But Washington had another and nobler reason. It was the custom of the colonists to resort on that day to many foolish acts to show their bigotry, especially, to burn the Pope in effigy. It was the American general's wish that instead of insulting the Catholic and their religion, the Protestant colonists should unite with them and become as one man to defend the liberties of America.

Unlike Washington, Benedict Arnold and Charles Lee, the arch traitors of American history, were bigoted men, and it is affirmed by at least one able historian that one of the reasons which moved them to betray the American cause was their repugnance to fight side by side with a Catholic ally, the French. Nor were they the only persons who were affected in this manner. Everywhere men left the army, "rather than subject the land to the deadly influence of 'Popery.'" True, all these men were bigots before the passage of the Quebec Act, but it was not until after its passage, when their minds had been inflamed by pamphlets, and stirred to a pitch of frenzy against "Popery" by dissenting preachers, that they dared to betray the cause, which they knew and felt to be their own cause, rather than see America with the aid of Catholic France defeat Protestant England.

When the Act was published it caused more excitement than any act of direct taxation ever could cause among the Colonists. Everywhere men demanded war. Fathers promised to go themselves or to send their sons to join the rebel army. Even the most broad-minded feared that their religion was threatened; and what can stir up men like such a fear? Before any harm had been done to them, they began to inflict harm. Not only did they celebrate "Pope Day" with more than usual animosity, but schools taught by Catholics were broken up, and in the Mohawk Valley of New York State, an entire settlement, chiefly Catholic, was driven from its home to seek refuge in Canada. In general, Catholics were so oppressed that, as John Adams expressed it, "they dared not show themselves."

It is, therefore, much to the credit of Catholics that they aided the Revolution. If the position of the Catholics and of the Protestants had been reversed, would the Protestants

have given to the cause of freedom such a statesman as Carroll, or such a leader as Barry, in addition to hundreds of the bravest common soldiers? Why did the Catholics fight side by side with those most bigoted against them? Some have said that it was because they thought the clemency of the king was only temporary, and that he would become as harsh as he was then kind to them. This, however, was far from being their principal reason. Their rights as British subjects had been violated, and they were determined that these rights be respected. Above all, they saw in the Revolution, as Charles Carroll said, "not only independence of England, but the toleration of all sects professing the Christian religion." This was their reason for espousing the rebel cause.

England, however, expected to use the Quebec Act as a means whereby the Catholics of America and Europe might be induced to fight against the Colonists. How did she succeed in America? In the north, Canada remained faithful to British rule. Was it because of the Act of 1774? When the free exercise of the Catholic Religion was assured to the Catholics of Canada, when the support of the people was insured by law to the Catholic clergy, it would have been very unnatural for the Canadians to injure England, their benefactress, to help a people so bigoted as the inhabitants of the Thirteen Colonies. Unnatural as it was, some of the Canadians, chief among them Fathers Lotbiniere, Valiniere and Floquel, did assist the colonists, and many more would have done so, had they not been held back by fear of excommunication, which the Archbishop of Quebec had pronounced upon all that should aid the American Colonies. Even this would have been insufficient to prevent a greater number from assisting the rebels, had the latter not committed so many outrages against them while occupying Canada. Nor could the remembrance of all they had suffered from this bigoted army be banished from their minds by promises of religious liberty and protection to all who would aid the Revolution, made by Congress through the embassy of 1776.

In the Thirteen Colonies, the Quebec Act had even less influence upon Catholics than it had in Canada. True, "the Roman Catholic Regiment," as it was called, formed a part of the British Army, but, unlike all other regiments, which are

of one thousand soldiers each, this regiment had only one hundred and eighty, quite a large number still, if compared to the Catholic Colonial population of that time. While it cannot be denied that many were induced to serve on account of the Quebec Act, still the majority would have done so, even if such an act as that of 1774 had never been passed.

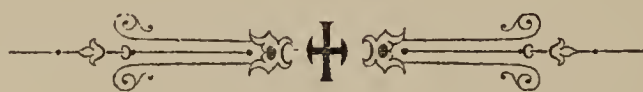
In Ireland, it can hardly be said that the Act had any influence at all. Arthur Lee says that every man of the Irish regiment which England raised in 1778, had to be seized and bound, that they could be shipped off to America. The Catholics of Ireland who remained loyal to England, were kept so by priests in the employ of the British. Ireland, however, furnished a regiment of volunteers who fought under Lord Rawdon, chiefly in the southern colonies. They were not true Irishmen, but brutal fellows, serving for the delight they took in fighting and for the good pay they received.

The Quebec Act, which did as much as anything else to cause the American Revolution, was most salutary in many ways. Canada has prospered since "the establishment of Popery" in her domains. She thrives to-day as no other possession of England. Even England herself is far below Canada in prosperity. The United States did not suffer for any length of time on account of this Act. It helped to bring about the American Revolution, but from that outburst of an injured people against tyranny and oppression rose a great and prosperous nation, where all religions are sacred; where that Church which was most maligned, thrives as nowhere else; and, where men live in peace and happiness, blessing that Being who guided the Republic during its first great storm and laid the foundation for its present greatness.

Reflecting on the changes that have come over this country since the Revolution, one is inclined to affirm that the greatest of them all has been the growth of the spirit of tolerance and good will, especially towards the Catholic religion. No more are Catholics deemed unfit to dwell in the land, except by a few benighted individuals, but they are known to be among the best of citizens, and the Catholic Church is acknowledged by non-Catholic statesmen in public addresses, to be the mainstay of law and order and true lib-

erty. There is a vast difference, indeed, between the spirit of the time which compelled George Washington to sign his name to an anti-Catholic document of the most virulent kind, and that which applauds Theodore Roosevelt's letter, in which he severely rebukes a man for asserting that "the mass of the voters that are not Catholic will not support a man for office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic," and declares him guilty of slandering his country-men.

HENRY GRIMMELSMAN, '10.



Right.

WHEN the moon is shining brightly
 And the trees their shadows throw,
 Then adown the mountain lightly
 Silver foxes softly go.

High above in heaven's coverlet
 Gleam the stars of pearly white,
 And the dark blue velvet round them
 Softly kiss with beauteous light.

Songsters in the trees are sleeping,
 Feath'ry wings o'er feath'ry heads,
 Resting where no harm can reach them,
 Swayed above in airy beds.

Flowers too are wrapt in slumber;
 Closed the daisy, once so fair,
 Blooms of cactus, night's own treasure,
 Perfumes all the midnight air.

Night, the peerless queen of beauty,
 Rules the earth with regal sway;
 And, despite the brilliant pageants,
 Is far grander than the day.

H. GRIMMELSMAN, '10.

The Sunshine of Love.

WE cannot expect a plant to flourish in an inclement and rough climate, or without a sufficient amount of water, nourishment and sunshine. If any of these are lacking, the plant will grow weaker and weaker and finally wither away. Just such a plant was Dick.

Dick had a good heart and a fairly kind and amiable disposition. But he had not a mother's love and a father's care, for both had died two years ago. Since then he had been in the family of his uncle. But it was not a home, such as the child needed. His uncle was a stern man, good, but rough and hard, who paid little attention to Dick, except to correct him most severely when caught in any fault. If he had any affection in his heart for the child, he did not show it, for never did words of love and praise come over his lips. It is not to be wondered that Dick had no love for the home where he received little sympathy, where his good qualities passed unnoticed, and his failings were never condoned. Could he be expected to grow into a cheerful kind-hearted lad amid such surroundings? Would not his heart contract, when it lacked the sunshine of love? Such indeed it did. He became sullen and morose, and the association with bad boys did the rest. Dick became a careless, mischievous little rascal, who seemed bent on evil and hated his guardian and all those about him. But there still beat in him a sound heart; a heart not at all dead to appeal, had the appeal only been made in the right manner.

At school he was a constant trial and menace to the teacher, and though threatened time and again he did not improve. It happened that at this time Dick's teacher was replaced by a new one. The new teacher tried to win Dick over by kindness and seemed indeed to understand the boy better than the former teacher. She sincerely pitied poor Dick, and was resolved to save the misguided youth, or at least keep him from disgrace as long as she was able to do so.

The new teacher had been told that upon the next misdemeanor Dick was to be sent to the work-house, and she immediately told Dick the same, adding that she was sure it would not be necessary. Dick, on the other hand, though he betrayed no emotion whatever, upon hearing the news, was overjoyed in his heart. Here was a chance at last, he thought, to free himself from the present conditions, which seemed to him the worst on earth. And Dick made evil resolves.

On the following day the teacher seemed to have an unusual amount of patience. Dick's talking and laughing did not seem to disturb her in the least, and even the paper wads remained unnoticed. But he would force the teacher to take note of his mischief. Jumping from his seat, he emitted a cry of pain. The room, to be sure, was filled with laughter, and Dick was exulting, when the teacher with a frown addressed the boy seated behind him, "John, leave the room." "I didn't do anything," was the response. "Leave the room, I say, and not another word; and Dick, take your seat and remain quiet now." Dick did take his seat very quietly. He was completely overcome for the moment. For he still had a sense of justice, and he felt ashamed that some one else should be made to suffer for his own offense. His highest hopes of causing a disturbance were frustrated, and he was utterly baffled and forced to silence. The teacher, noticing the sudden submissiveness, thought she had gained the victory. In this opinion she was confirmed, when Dick remained quiet for the rest of the afternoon.

When school was dismissed, the teacher called Dick aside, and having learned of her mistake as to the offender, soon satisfied good-hearted John, after which she began to speak to Dick. Her kind and encouraging words fell softly upon the poor love-forsaken heart, and for the time Dick was won. The teacher bade him farewell with the words, "Now, you'll try to be a good boy, won't you, Dick?" "Yes, ma'am, I will," Dick answered, and he meant it.

Had some kind brother or sister been there to console poor Dick and to support him in his new resolve, all would have been well. But there was none, and scarcely had he left the school when at the thought of home his heart

sank, and he almost regretted having made the promise to be good. That evening Dick did not come home as early as usual; in fact, he was late for supper. His uncle was out of humor and flew into a passion as Dick entered, and scolded him severely. In a moment away flew all good resolutions and intentions, and Dick hated everything about him once more; just after he had again begun to love them.

The next morning the lad took his books and started for school as usual. As soon, however, as he was out of the sight of his home, he changed his course and made for the open country. He had determined to run away. The road which he took passed near the cemetery. Here were the graves of his father and mother. As he gazed in their direction, a deep longing for his departed parents stole into his soul. He would go, and pray at their graves, before continuing on his way. As he knelt there, his kind mother's form rose before his eyes, and with it all the love that she had ever given him, the loss of which he had felt so bitterly. It seemed now to fill his vacant soul. At this moment there came to his mind his mother's dying words: "Be a good boy, Dickie, when mama is gone;" and with tear-filled eyes, and a sobbing heart, he faltered: "Yes, Mama, I will be your own, good Dick again." And Dick kept his word.

LEO SPORNHAUER, '10.



“The Making of the American.”

IN a recent interview the eminent pianist, Paderewski expresses his fear that the American race will be corrupted by the influx of too many foreigners. He contends that the Anglo-Saxon Race is the one farthest advanced in civilization, but that the Anglo-Saxon blood in America is in danger of being spoiled by too much infusion of that of other races; as “old wine is by new.” Well, it remains to be shown that America’s greatness is almost entirely due to the Anglo-Saxon elements in this country, and it is also extremely doubtful, whether the Anglo-Saxon blood is so much better than the Polish, German, French or Irish. It is not the blood that makes a nation great, but the spirit that animates it, and that is due to many causes.

It is quite probable that the influx of the blood of different nations has contributed very materially to America’s greatness; at any rate, there is no danger that the American spirit will be destroyed by the people that come to our hospitable shores, provided that some care is exercised in their admission. America has shown a surprising capacity for assimilating the people of all races and creeds. For many decades the people of Europe have poured into this vast country, bringing with them their national views and prejudices and racial peculiarities, and to-day they are as thoroughly American as the descendants of the Pilgrims and the colonists of Maryland and Virginia. They have been immersed in the general mass, have imbibed the spirit of this country, have learned American manners and customs and ways of living; in a word, they have been Americanized. It is a process absolutely without parallel in the history of the world, and we are entitled to the congratulations of the world for the same. Austria has tried for centuries to amalgamate the races that live within her borders, and to introduce some sort of working harmony, and failed; Germany has bent all her energies to Germanize the Poles, but without

success; England has endeavored to Anglicize the Irish, and failed to do so; but America has welded the diverse elements that came to her from Europe into one compact mass, into a people that speak one language, have the same spirit, and wish above all to be American. How has it been accomplished? What means have been employed to bring about this result? None at all, except those of natural attraction. It has been a natural process. What are the factors, we may ask, in this process that have induced such wonderful changes? For it is certainly a great change that a man undergoes when he assumes the language and customs of another country and discards those of his own.

The first cause must be sought for in the spirit of liberty which pervades this country. It is precisely because no force was used that such a result was accomplished. Any man, no matter how ignorant, will resent every attempt to coerce him in the matter of language, religion and all those things that are most dear to his heart. For this reason every effort made by Austria and Germany to denationalize a portion of their inhabitants had the opposite effect. But where no such force is used, man will naturally accommodate himself to his surroundings; for he does not wish to appear peculiar, and it will not be long before he will be undistinguishable from the rest. The Americanization of the immigrant is, therefore, a magnificent vindication of the spirit of liberty, as opposed to that of force. Coming to a country where odious personal restraints are unknown, the immigrant learns to admire the spirit of freedom that pervades all, that spirit which permits him to speak and act as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with the convenience of others. He sees that this is the American spirit, and as he likes it, he resolves to make it his own. Thus is the first step made in that process which will make of him an enthusiastic American citizen.

Growing out of the spirit of liberty, which is so distinctively American, is that of tolerance and forbearance. It is a new thing to the man from a country, where men are divided in various ways, by artificial and natural boundaries, and where in consequence, many prejudices and animosities have sprung up, that cannot grow here. None of the dialects and

customs and local peculiarities that tend to keep people apart in Europe are found here. This country is too big for such things. Here all mingle, and rub elbows; and it appears that all classes of people have some good—that races are like flowers, of which each one has a different tint, but every one a beauty of its own, and he therefore becomes tolerant of men that are different from himself. Another step in the making of the American.

Having raised himself above the narrow local and national prejudices, the immigrant comes to a realization of the meaning of democracy, that it is the government of the people by the people; that he must therefore learn to govern himself; that a man is judged by his ability to do so; in a word, that it is the man which counts and not the artificial distinctions which men employ to show forth their worth, real or presumed, in other countries. It is the idea of personal responsibility, which he has learned, and which will aid him to develop in himself the best of which he is capable. He has learned to take a new interest in life, for he is an influential part of the whole. He has all the rights that others have, and he realizes his possibilities. This gives him new courage and interest in life. Hope comes into his soul, and he sets out to achieve something; for man's worth is measured not by what he is, but by what he does. His true worth lies in character and noble living. This gives him new ideals in life, and a new view of human nature. No artificial barriers here between man and man; all meet in a common humanity. In consequence, he takes more interest in his fellowmen, and in all that pertains to their welfare. He has acquired a deeper sense of the dignity of man, and the grandeur of human nature, and he grows more tolerant, kind and sympathetic. A triumph of democracy.

It would, of course, be contrary to facts to say that these results are obtained in the case of every immigrant, but it remains true that these factors tend to produce these results, and that, with the aid of religion, they have generally accomplished them. The capacity which the American people have shown for assimilating the vast number of people of all races and creeds that come annually to our shores, is nothing short of marvelous. But while the immigrants have been

benefited by their absorption of the American spirit, America herself has probably gained not a little from them. The influx of so much new blood tends to strengthen and invigorate our own, and many of the qualities which distinguish the American character have been developed by the contact of men of different nationalities, and if the American nation is to attain to high eminence among the nations of the world, it will be due to the qualities which were brought out by the commingling of many races in a new land, under the principles of freedom, tolerance and democracy.

DANIEL MCSHANE, '09.



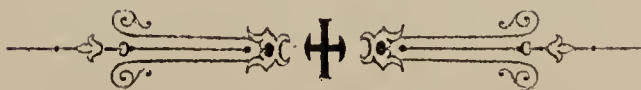
Prayer.

GENTLY the hour dawns,
 Silence supreme,
 Weary my soul speaks
 As in a dream.

Shut in from life's cares
 Hallowed retreat,
 Where earth and Heaven
 Seemeth to meet.

Thy will be my will,
 Ever the same;
 Eternal Father,
 Hallowed Thy name.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



About Slang.

THERE are some things in life that are not easily explained, although we meet with them every day. Among these we would count the use of slang. What is slang? That we may do no one an injustice, and put ourselves on firm ground, we will quote the dictionary, in this case "The Standard," which has this definition: "Slang: Inelegant and unauthorized popular language, consisting of words and expressions of low or illiterate origin or use, or of legitimate expressions, used in grotesque, irregular, or metaphorical senses, not approved by reputable usage and good taste."

This, we hope, will throw some light on a subject that seems to be but ill understood by many. Slang is, therefore, the peculiar use of words—by peculiar people? No, for some very normal people are addicted to the same. But it is nevertheless an abnormal use of words. For what purpose? "Mostly with a humorous intent," as the "Standard" further informs us. Is it, then, that humor has grown in the world, that slang has increased so rapidly in late years, and invaded all classes of society? Originally, we are told, it was "thieves' jargon," the only sense of the word until the latter half of the nineteenth century. But now it is employed by respectable people, by judges, statesmen and preachers, especially by revivalists. It has grown in respectability and popular favor, but is it worthy of the same? We think not. Have our thoughts become so different from those of former times, that we must employ new words to express our everyday meanings? Has the English language become inadequate for daily use, or is it only our inability to use it rightly, that is responsible for the change. We think, the latter. It is because of a lack of vocabulary, or because of their inability to express themselves elegantly and correctly, that people have recourse to slang. Or is it that the English language is too dignified for ordinary use, that it does not lend itself to the common everyday thoughts and emotions? We have

been led to believe that it is a very democratic, as well as a very aristocratic language; that it may be employed by high and low with admirable force and precision and clearness. But it is barely possible that the language is too dignified for some, whose ideas are below the level of respectability. If so, they must, of course, have recourse to slang, for slang, we are told, is "mostly coarse, low and foolish." It is an excrescence on the tree of language, a weed in the garden of the mind. We suspect that there is something in the spirit of the times which causes it to grow and flourish. It seems an outgrowth of the same spirit (taste!), which is responsible for the multiplication of cheap theaters in cities and towns, and which caused the popularity of rag-time some years ago.

To be just, we will have to admit that there are different grades of slang. The one is known as the language of the street, and is employed by those persons that find the English language too refined for their taste, whose vulgar feelings demand vulgar words. There are those whose conditions of heart and mind crave for words that are not sanctioned by good usage. They want something stronger, words that are suggestive of the things on which their imagination dwells. They find the fetters of good English unbearable, just as they find it unendurable to be gentle and well-mannered. Their speech is but the reflection of their state of culture.

The other species of slang is of a superior grade. It is the picturesque use of words, without any vulgar or low connotation. It is the mere turning aside from the conventional use of words, when the heart is light and the fancy free. It is the language which the circumstances of time and place suggest to an active mind, particularly in its moments of hilarity and conviviality. New situations, new terms. Language reflects life, and while scholars and purists would probably declare that the accepted words of the language are sufficient for all our needs, the people do not seem to think so. Let a number of people get together, and there will spring up a new set of words and phrases, descriptive of the life of that community. Some one with a vivid imagination and an ample fund of humor, will supply them, and as they are novel and to that circle of men seem delightfully suggestive and descriptive, they will be eagerly

seized upon, and perhaps pass into general currency. Thus we have "College Slang," "Club Slang," "Base-Ball Slang." The latter is perhaps the least offensive. Who would not forgive the base-ball enthusiast when in the joy of his heart he gives vent to his feelings in language that is more picturesque than correct?

There is a wonderful activity in the workshop of the mind, and new words are being coined every day, and new meanings given to old ones. But most of them pass out of existence soon after they are born. The fact that the words thus originated are mostly of a slangy character, that is, offensive to good taste in some particular, will, of course, prevent their general acceptance. It is with words as with books. Thousands are annually put on the market, to be read by some thousands of people, and then to sink into oblivion. They may be clever productions, and describe one phase of life very accurately, but they are not worthy of immortality, for they make no universal appeal. They are as froth on the billows of the ocean of life, that appears for a moment, to be again dissolved in the general mass.

There is no doubt that slang is a very harmful factor in college life, wherever it exists; for not only does it tend to vulgarize the feelings and the imagination, counteracting the best influences of the class-room, but it also interferes with the literary development of the student. For how can one whose ordinary conversation is interlarded with slang words and phrases, rise to the level of elegance and propriety in debate and composition. It is as if a man who is familiar only with the language and manners of the street were called upon to move in polite society. Language is not a garment that one may don or doff at will. If we try to regard it as such, it will indeed be a mantle that hangs loosely about us. Language is more than that. It should be an intimate part of ourselves. To become good speakers and writers, we must give our nights and days, if not to Addison, at least to good English.

HENRY BERGHOFF, '09.

Bill's Reception.

SINCE their entrance into High School, two years ago, many things had occurred to arouse an ill-feeling between Fred Halleck and Bill Jennings. They were boys of a contrary disposition and rivals for honors in the class-room and on the athletic field. The High School Athletic Meet of last May had been a pride-wrecking proposition for Fred. He had expected to carry off most of the honors, as an offset for his defeats in the class-room, but at the end of that day, the Purple and Gold, Bill's colors, were flying victoriously, and he had only a few minor victories to his credit.

Bill's departure for college the following September had not served to allay that feeling. For the very fact had aroused his jealousy all the more, and the reports which reached the little town about Bill's success at College, especially in Athletics, hurt Fred sorely. A scheme entered his mind. He would get even with that stuck-up guy, who was continually getting ahead of him, merely because his father had the money.

He went to the High School club room, where he had not called for several days, because he found it unbearable to listen to the comments of the fellows on Bill's success. Just now they were discussing a letter which one of them had received from him, in which he described the Thanksgiving game played between Valley and Tuft's College. "It's a different sort of playing than I have been used to in Hicks-ville," Bill had said in the letter.

"Yes, and he seems to think we are all nobodys, and he's the whole show," remarked Fred.

"Well, he does seem to be just a bit proud of his doings. I wonder, how he will act when he comes home?" queried one of the members.

"Oh, he'll brag on himself, of course," said Fred. "Say, fellows, let's teach him a lesson. Here he's been writing to you that he can outswim any of us. Let him show it. Let's

give him a ducking in the creek when he comes home. It won't hurt him and he needs a cold bath."

There were some who objected to this proposal, but they were won over when Fred explained to them that it would be great sport, and that Bill would probably enjoy it as much as they. So it was agreed that they would all be at the station for the 5:15 train to meet Bill Jennings, and to escort him home. Arriving at the bridge, they would, by some maneuver, precipitate him into the water.

"He'll get all that's coming to him tomorrow," thought Fred Halleck, as he strolled away, rejoicing over the happy turn of affairs.

- * * *

It was a noisy crowd that met Bill Jennings at the station the following afternoon. He had scarcely alighted from the car when he was taken in charge by them and escorted down the street. When they came to the bridge, Bill was surprised to find that a new one had been erected.

"Have a good look at it," said Fred, as he and a companion lifted him to the railing.

"Be careful," shouted Bill to his shuffling companions. "You'll let me fall into the river." And in a moment after he had lost his balance, and dropped, head foremost, into the water.

"Won't his dad be surprised, when we bring him home soaked," said Fred gleefully, as he kept his eyes strained on the dark shadows of the water. But look as he might, the form of Bill did not appear.

"What is the matter," said Fred, to his terrified companions. "It's only a few feet to the water, and the river isn't deep, and he can't remain under that long. What do you suppose is wrong, Thad?"

"I don't know, Fred, but I think we ought to wade in and look for him. Jump in, Fred, you are a good swimmer." The latter lost no time in doing so, while the others waded in from the banks. But no sign of Bill.

"Let's run over to Mr. Jennings, and tell him about this," suggested Fred, "and two of you run to Dick Harmworth. He's the best swimmer in town."

"You do the talking, Fred," said Thad Addick, "You have advised it, and it's all your fault." Accordingly, they appeared before Mr. Jennings's cottage.

"What's the matter, boys," said the old man when he saw the trembling youngsters before him. "Where did you get wet? Do you want to see Bill?"

"We've got some bad news for you, Mr. Jennings. When we were bringing Bill home, we stopped on the bridge, and...."

"Threw me overboard, eh?" interrupted Bill, who suddenly appeared at the door.

The boys stared at him in bland astonishment. "Yes, boys, I am all here, except my traveling clothes, which are on the line. You have given me a warm reception in the nature of a cold bath, but I enjoyed it immensely. I think I have beaten my last record of seventy feet for long distance diving. Ha! Ha! Of course, it was down stream, but it was pretty good any how, since I wasn't prepared for it."

"Our congratulations, Bill," stuttered Fred. "We must go home now to change our clothes. The joke is on us. We'll see you tomorrow at the club."

"All right, boys, no harm done. Good-night."

"No more tricks for me of the sort that make me ashamed of myself," thought Fred Halleck, as he wended his way home. "Bill is a fine fellow, and I am going to be his friend."

LOUIS NAGELEISEN, '09.



Coiling Onward.

TAKE heart, O friend, though time and station
May place us far apart;
And though heaven's sweet oblation
May from our eyelids start.
Those tears but make the ladder
By which we mount to gladder
Communion of the heart;
By which we grow still dearer,
By which we come still nearer
To where we ne'er shall part.

Heaven is sweet, but steep the road
By which we make ascent;
The world is sweet, but great its load
That robs the heart's content.
Shall not the pains we suffer here
Be pleasures sweet beyond the bier,
Where human fires are spent?
Does not the weary path we trod,
O'er rocky heights, lead but to God,
For those who do repent?

We toil, but shall we toil in vain,
And wear our lives for naught?
Life's golden cross leaves but its pain,
'Tis only dearly bought.
Could Dives' gold for him declare
The diadems the Lazarus wear,
Or meagre crusts they sought?
The ladder that is built to mount
To heavens' joys or peace's sweet fount,
By suffering hands is wrought.

The world is but a battle field
An enemy is there,
And heroes must to traitors yield
A just and equal share.

Within each heart grim battle rages,
Without foul Satan's warrior wages,
Unequal fight we bear.
We fight, we fall, we suffer pain,
We strive, we smile, we rise again,
Heaven's crown to wear.

Despair shall raise his ramparts strong
And storm the soul's own wall,
And we shall hear it crumbling 'long
Its massive pinions tall.
The soul from out that dark array,
Bathed pure to greet the dawn of day,
Is led by God's sweet call.

How sweet those summons come to him
Who in the battle thick doth win
Some deeds, or great or small.

Who as the aged monk who kept
The watches of the night,
And ever and anon he wept
Poor sinners' wretched plight;
Or as Ulysses' faithful wife
Who wove three years of her young life,
And unwove Laertes' shroud.
Days of toil, and hours of brewing
Nights of anguish and undoing,
Remove our vision's cloud.

By sacrifice and flowing blood
The world's true peace began;
With one accord all men applaud
Their suffering fellow man.

Within the convents' deep recess,
The longing soul has gained access
To heaven's peaceful land.

As wheat well sown is worth the mowing;
Good deeds for man are worth the sowing,
To reap on heaven's strand.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

The Parallel between Poe and DeQuincey.

COMMON as it may be, sorrow has ever claimed a great interest. The mystery connected with a life of sorrow will never rest unsolved. Whether deserved or undeserved, sorrow solicits our sympathy, and teaches a lesson to the other members of the human family. This perhaps accounts for the fact that there has been such great interest shown in the character and lives, as well as the works of both Poe and DeQuincey. In spite of the unfortunate habits of each, their lives continue to grow in interest and their power to please and entertain is being more and more realized.

A comparison of their lives exhibits a strange parallel. Their childhood, unnatural and beset by the uncertain temperaments and strong inclinations of genius, led on to manhood through a realm, the atmosphere of which savored of the preternatural. The mind in its struggle for supremacy left the body and will easy victims to the slavery of stimulants. Yet behind these wrecks of body and temperament there lay the souls of noble men, and the minds of rare artists; there the hearts that beat in sympathy with the great world pulse; there coursed the emotions felt only by noble minds, known only by the heart and shadowed forth but dimly by language of which both were magic masters.

In the literary world they shine like twin stars of a new system. In choice of subject they greatly resemble each other. Of their character creations, DeQuincey's are perhaps the more human, but certainly not more sublime and fascinating. In point of taste, DeQuincey was the more reserved; Poe, especially in some of his short stories, running at times into the region of the hideous and revolting. Their general tone was solemn and serious. DeQuincey occasionally seems more forced than natural, while we never suspect

Poe of even smiling. Both have great abilities in striking the correct key and then staying with it. DeQuincey allows himself an occasional excursion, but these seem more like ornaments than otherwise, veritable variations on the same general tone. Poe, however, was especially conscientious in point of form. His great success in short story writing is due largely to this power of concentration. Both authors were word venders, and no sense of truth nor consistency ever hindered them in their mad passion for musical language. DeQuincey's sentences rise and fall like the waves on the sea. His melody touches all the scales of the compass, but he has a preference for the deep rolling tones. Poe, being essentially a poet, was likewise alive to the beauty of musical language, but his was more ethereal. The enchanting beauty of his verse once felt is never forgotten.

Singularly it happens that these two masters loved art for art's sake. Choosing beauty and music as the highest attainment in literary perfection, they soared on the wings of their imagination into the lands of the unknown. Here they sketched with artistic touch, scenes that are grand in their lights and shadows, grand in their exquisite outlines and mellow tints. Sound and color and beautiful form was all in all to them. Everybody admires them for these things, but none would trust them for information or judicious criticism; for nature, or the use of stimulants, had made them erratic and inconsistent.

The question may be raised as to how far the use of stimulants affected their literary productions. It would seem that such things would be more of a hindrance than a help, and of Poe at least we know that such was the case. In the subtleness of imagination, however, they may have aided by throwing the mind into a fever of activity. On the whole, it may be held that such things never worked for good, and somehow we feel it keenly that the world is the loser of still greater works of which their exceptional genius was capable. Cut off from the true development of their powers, they come to us like the fragments of a precious parchment that might have brought a world of pleasure and information. While our sympathies go out to these two whose lives and career were all but wrecked, yet we love to linger at times

amid the bewitching shadows and enjoy "the elfin charm, the exquisite fascination, the eerie beauty" of their lines.

Geniuses they were of a rare type, and the fact that their names and fame have outlived the narrow criticisms of their age goes to prove the genuineness of their good qualities. In the garden of English literature they are like two exotic plants. There is something weird, fantastic, unnatural and extravagant about each of them, but, like plants from another clime, they have a beauty all their own, and for this they will ever be admired. Although they resemble each other in so many points, there is a vast difference between them, for no two authors are alike, no more than two faces, and each one may be said to be original in his subject matter and manner of expression, even if it is probable that the two contemporaries knew and admired each other. Human nature has produced a great variety of men, but few that are more interesting than Poe and DeQuincey.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



“The Wandering Jew.”

THE number of legends is legion. Singly and in clusters they appear on the horizon of the past. What is their origin? Perhaps a person, a deed, or the fertile brain of an individual. But on all of them we see the influence of the people's imagination, and the influence of the time and country. They reflect the people's hopes and fears and are a veritable mirror of the times. Thus we have in the legends that cluster around King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Alexander the Great, very significant commentaries on the time in which they were in favor. Scarcely less important than these, because of its hold on the people and its universality in literature, is the legend of the “Wandering Jew.” No other legend seems to have had such a varied existence as this one, for it is found in almost all literatures, the same fundamentally, only somewhat changed in form.

The legend runs something like this: A certain Jew, generally called Karthaphilus, who was the door-keeper for Pilate at the time of our Savior's passion, was standing in the door of the palace as Jesus was led forth. And as Jesus crossed the threshold, Karthaphilus struck Him, saying: “Hasten, Jesus, why lingerest thou?” To which Jesus answered: “I go, but thou shalt remain.” For this sacrilege the Jew was cursed and doomed to wander until the second coming of the Savior, Judgment-Day. At the time of the curse Kartaphilus was about thirty years of age, and when he grew to be a hundred years old, it was supposed that he was again miraculously changed into a man of thirty each time, until the day of his deliverance should come.

This legend like so many others, especially those of a religious character, that are now known to have originated in the popular fancy, was believed by many in those early times. As a consequence, many impostors arose, proclaim-

ing themselves to be the "Wandering Jew," and relating many weird and ancient stories, which were intended to instill reverence and awe into the hearts of the listeners. They must generally have achieved this effect, for we know that those persons were honored and feared, even if not entirely trusted, by the credulous populace.

To what, we may ask, does this legend owe its hold on the people? Why is it found in all lands? First of all, it seems to be in connection with the story of Cain, wandering through the world in consequence of the curse of God for the murder of his brother. All nations have this or similar incidents in their traditions, however vague they may be, and we can easily conceive how each of them gradually developed into legends, similar to that of the "Wandering Jew," but fashioned according to each nation's peculiar character. For this reason we have so many legends treating of the same theme, but after a different manner.

The subject itself was by its very nature wonderfully adapted for the theme of an epic or a romance, in which forms it has often appeared. More so even than that of William Tell, Barbarossa or King Arthur, and other national heroes, who were also thought by their people to have never died, but to be still wandering mid their native hills, not in consequence of a curse, but on account of their great achievements, which cause them to live on. For there is scarcely anything more sublime, pathetic and exciting than the picture of a forlorn old man, of the hated tribe of Juda, scorned though feared, pitied though mistrusted, wandering wearily onward through the world, without rest or shelter, until the far distant Judgment-Day. Not even the picture of Cain branded by the curse of God as an outcast, doomed to wander, unharmed yet not unknown, can scarcely call forth such emotions as the picture of the lonely Jew, when for instance, he stands upon a bleak cold mountain top in threadbare clothing, his blood running coldly in his veins, with the stamp of some ninety years of weary wandering upon him, or again dragging his bruised feet over hot desert sands, forced on by a merciless fate to wander through the world. Such a picture appeals to every human heart, as any one knows who has himself seen, heard or read of such an incident

in actual life. For illustration we may take the brief scene from *Ivanhoe*. We all remember with what feelings we read of the hated and almost ghostly Jew, coming at evening in the depths of a cold bleak winter, trembling in his scant clothing, and begging imploringly for admittance. Even though we hate the person thus in distress, a certain pity steals upon us unawares, and a certain sublime emotion follows the impression we receive from such a scene. If a temporary scene of misery and distress can work upon us so forcefully, how much power must the picture of a life-time of misery and wandering have had upon the simple minds of our ancestors in centuries long past.

Again, the Jews as a race, having been blind and deaf to the time of their visitation, were cursed, and the blood of the Savior of mankind came down upon them and their children, cursing them indeed with an unprecedented awfulness, causing them to wander ceaselessly throughout the world, scattered as they now are. Now here is evidently a connection between the truth and this legend. For it was not difficult for a legend to rise suddenly into a certain fixed shape, which embodied the melancholy fate of the Jews, by taking one person as the type of the race in general. If we consider the legend's significance in this light, the effect is all the greater, yea, almost overpowering. The thought of an entire nation cursed, forsaken as it were, by its God, with the blood of the Son of man hanging threateningly over its people, as they wander "through the valleys, o'er the hill-tops down the ages," unbefriended and unassociated with by all around them, may well excite the imagination.

Lastly, the "Wandering Jew" may be considered a type of the sinner. He too must wander the face of the earth, restless and joyless, for he has raised his hand against God, and is therefore cursed. Even the entire human race may be said to be wandering, since the curse pronounced upon it by God. It is a feeling inherent in mankind that we are all wanderers, that in the words of Holy Writ, "we have no abiding home but seek the things that are to come."

It is not surprising, therefore, that the legend of the "Wandering Jew" obtained a hold on the minds of the people. It has a substratum of truth—just enough to make it

plausible to an uncritical generation, and the story is such that it seizes upon the imagination, never to be effaced. It is because of these qualities that this legend found such wide acceptance.

LEO SPORNHAUER, '10.



The Hoar Frost.

ALL night the fairies did labor,
 And built from the pearl girdled air
 Those castles so grand, as in Elfin land
 Are ruled by their princes so fair.

All night the fairies did labor,
 While the clear stars glistened all bright;
 And they held the breeze, while the bushes and trees
 Were inlaid with diamonds of light.

All night the fairies did labor,
 With sweetness, with patience and love,
 From starry breast, they took the bright crest,
 And bore it far down from above.

All night the fairies did labor,
 On roof-tops, o'er meadows and all,
 And with gentle grace, entwining their lace,
 Held the branches of cedars in thrall.

All night the fairies did labor,
 Shaped myriads of dolphins and fawns,
 Figures fantastic, birds so elastic,
 That encircled the star bedight lawns.

All night the fairies did labor,
 Nor ceased till the east sky glowed red;
 In glory unmeasured, such jewels rare treasured,
 Illumined each tree-top's spired head.

All night the fairies did labor,
 But when the cruel sunbeams came on,
 One moment evaded, the next moment faded,
 And all their glory was gone.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

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Editorials.

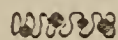
In the American Magazine for December, Stewart Edward White begins an interesting series of stories of boy life. The first one is ideal, both as to form and tendency.

The author of "The Forest" and "The Blazed Trail" has not in the least belittled himself. "Until the Last Shot." The name of this story is "Until the Last Shot," and without telling the story, I might give a quotation full of wisdom: "'Bobby,' said Mr. Kincaid gravely, 'always remember this all your life, no matter what happens to you: a man is never defeated until the very last shot is fired. . . . And remember this, too, that even if he is defeated, he is not beaten, provided he has done the very best he could and has never lost heart.'" This sounds something like the real, unadulterated, genuine article, doesn't it?

“Whatever body or society wastes more than it acquires must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed and ceases to labor takes away something from the public stock.” These are the words of old Samuel Johnson, and when reading them we cannot help thinking of America. When it comes to our natural resources, we can truly say that there is no country on the face of the earth that is so wasteful. Far-seeing men have observed this long ago, and sounded a note of warning, but it has fallen on deaf ears. Until now everybody seemed to mind his own business, and care not what others did. Others, of course, helped themselves. In no particular has nature been so ruthlessly exploited as in that which is her fairest gift to man, the forests. No country in the world has such beautiful forests as America,—forests of which the poets sang; but where are they now? They have disappeared before the greed of the people, until the land has become a prosaic expanse of fields and wastes and barren hillsides. America has less forest area than Europe, and is compelled to import her lumber from Canada and other countries. Roosevelt knows when there is something going wrong, and he devotes a considerable space of his message to an appeal to save our natural resources. He says that if there is any one duty which more than another the people owe to their children and their children’s children to perform at once, it is to save the forests of this country, for they constitute the first and most important element in the conservation of our natural resources. After showing how some fertile portions of China have been transformed into deserts by the destruction of the forests, and the very climate changed, he speaks of the damage done to the soil in our own country, in the Adirondacks, the White and the Appalachian Mountains by reckless deforestation. We could come nearer home and point out how some of the hillsides of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee were despoiled of their protection of trees in the early days by ‘thrifty’ farmers, and now—the damage is done. If the observations made in China are correct, and we have no doubt they are, it is evident that the changes in the climate which have been noticed in recent years, particularly in the middle states, are chiefly due to the

disappearance of the forests, and yet, as the President says, there are short-sighted persons, or persons blinded to the future by a desire of making money in every way out of the present, who sometimes speak as if no great damage would be done by the destruction of our forests. We find it difficult to have patience with the arguments of these persons.

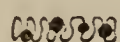
As, according to our best authorities and to President Roosevelt, we have already crossed the verge of a timber famine in this country, we should heed the closing words of his paragraph on this subject, where he tells us that nothing should be permitted to stand in the way of the preservation of our forests, and that it is criminal to permit a few individuals to acquire a little gain for themselves through the destruction of forests, when this destruction is fatal to the well-being of the whole country.



From Washington comes the news of plans by the Senate for the erection of a memorial to Abraham Lincoln, which when completed will have cost over five million dollars.

**The Lincoln
Centenary.**

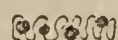
This is an undertaking of more than ordinary magnitude, and it shows the hold which this common man of the common people still has over the hearts of men. But a short time ago public exercises were held throughout Illinois to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, and now on this coming 12th of February, we will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of the greatest executive and lawgiver and one of the greatest patriots this country has ever had. Thinking of Lincoln, we think of an ideal—a real man—deserving of imitation. We can review his whole life and find it a great picture of a life lived with an aim and a consciousness of purpose. It is needless to call to mind stories of his honesty, of his kindness and of his patience. All that we can say is: "Would that it had been his lot to live longer on this earth."



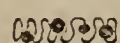
On January 19, the world celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of Edgar Allen Poe. No literary man has been

the subject of more controversy than the author of the "Raven." Neither the critics nor the people can agree on assigning him the exact place, both as a man and as an artist. It seems that the criteria are lacking by which to judge him. He was so peculiar. His one great failing—which many are inclined to palliate—is offset by many good qualities, and as an artist, he is absolutely *sui generis*. He who professed to write in strict accordance with the principles of art, can hardly be judged according to the accepted canons. Curiously enough, he may be said to have started the controversy about his life and his works himself, for he provoked the enmity of his future biographer, and also the animosity of the writers and critics of his day, whom he assailed with undue severity. The conditions in America at the time were not such that it could appreciate Poe at his true worth, but it is sheer nonsense to say that America even now fails to do so, as it has been asserted repeatedly, lastly by Bernard Shaw. America knows more about Poe than France or England, although it is true that his genius was recognized first in these countries. Somehow the impression has been created abroad that America does not understand him, that he represents a species of art too high for Yankee minds; but such is not the case. It was very unfortunate that the committee on admission to the Hall of Fame, some years ago, excluded Poe. It was a blunder, but the men responsible for it did not represent American sentiment. Poe was a genius, and as such he is entitled to rank with the great men of this country. But he is not a genius of the first rank. He has too many limitations for that. Inspiration came to him at certain moments, but he had to call in art to make it productive. He has a manner all his own, and a sentiment all his own, but few thoughts, and these not of the very highest. He did not interpret the life of his period; no life, in fact, but he gave shape to some beautiful creations of his fancy. He has helped to introduce a new form of art, the short story—perhaps it would be better to say that he has popularized it among writers and readers, for it existed before—and he has written some poems that will ever challenge the admiration of men for the haunting music of the lines, the delicate

rhythm and the ethereal fancy, but in all these beautiful creations of his mind there is something unnatural, artificial and extravagant, just because they were the products of his mind, and not of the soul. There is a lack of soul in Poe's poems and stories, not the healthy heart-beat of humanity. And, lastly, there is no moral purpose in Poe's works. The element of morality is almost entirely lacking in him, and that's a fault. He was one of those that believed in 'art for art's sake,' with the result that he has less charm and potency than he would have, if he had believed in 'art for man's sake.'

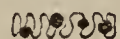


Another centenary that we should remember is that of Frederic Chopin, born on March 1, at a village near Warsaw, Poland. What Heine is to German literature, Keats and Shelley, and in a measure also Poe, to English, Chopin is to music. He has added to the delicacy and refinement of music, and enriched it with many beautiful compositions. The latter may be said to have opened a new era in piano playing. Chopin was one of those delicately attuned beings, for whom melody and rhythm and harmony seem to be food and drink, who are graceful rather than vigorous, and who can give expression to the subtlest moods of the soul. Owing to the fact that Chopin composed almost exclusively for the piano, he is perhaps better known than his contemporary, Felix Mendelsohn, born on February 3, 1809, at Hamburg, whose works are written on a large scale, and therefore not so familiar to the public. Mendelsohn's was a beautiful soul, and his music breathes his spirit. Although of Jewish parentage he had a deep admiration for Catholic Church music, and would miss no opportunity to play the organ at Mass. His music is of the romantic sort, healthy and joyful and refreshing. His songs and orchestra compositions, and his "Songs without Words" and other piano compositions will ever be the delight of the world.



Nothing has occurred in recent years to delight the heart of man so much as the outpouring of sympathy and charity

that followed the great Sicilian earthquake. America has covered herself with glory. President **The World's Sympathy.** Roosevelt at once sent two relief ships, with \$300 000 dollars worth of food and clothing on board, and Congress approved his action, and voted \$500 000 more for the relief of the stricken people. Since then hundreds of thousands of dollars have been contributed through other channels, and the fund is still growing. Men may still be divided by lines of race and creed and language, but at such times they are swept away. Great sorrow or joy makes all the world kin. We feel that we are but weak human beings, dependent upon each other's assistance. Perhaps it is such catastrophes as these that draw men closer together, and give man a proper idea of the grandeur of human nature and at the same time of his insignificance.



It would be hard to find a more faithful description of the ruin wrought by the Sicilian earthquake than the following lines by Cowper, which **Cowper and the Earthquake.** are found in the Second Book of "The Task." They were written after the Calabrian earthquake of 1783, in which 30 000 lives were lost. Truly, nature does repeat herself! We quote only in part.

“Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of His own works His dreadful part alone.

.
She shakes at His approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath His foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For He has touch'd them. From the extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss
His wrath is busy, and His frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise;

The rivers die into offensive pools
 And charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
 And mortal nuisance into all the air.
 What solid was, by transformation strange,
 Grows fluid, and the fix'd and rooted earth,
 Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
 Or with vertiginous and hideous whirl
 Sucks down its prey insatiable."



Obituary.

WE regret to record the death of a young and promising student, Master Adam Buescher, of Niles Center, Ill., which occurred on December 21, at Chicago, Ill. He was a member of the First Commercial Class, having entered College last fall. An intestinal disorder, from which he had suffered, in consequence, it is thought, of an operation performed last summer, led to an inflammation, which resulted in his death in a Chicago hospital, where he had been taken by his father. The faculty and students deplore the loss of a good and bright student, and extend their deepest sympathy to his sorrowing parents and relatives.



Exchanges.

A perusal of the December numbers reveals the fact that Christmas stories do no more enjoy the popularity of a few years ago; in fact, they have almost entirely disappeared. Few will regret the fact. There was too much cheap sentimentality and clap-trap devices in them to appeal to the normal mind,—as there also is in the present Christmas celebrations, which are characterized more by the spirit of gain and vanity than that of the Christ-Child,—and the theme had also become exhausted. One cannot always listen to the same variations of the same theme. Thus has another fad passed away. Which will be next? In other respects, both in appearance and in the contents, the College journals expressed the Christmas spirit very well.

Although our hopes were quite high upon taking up the **Labarum**, we were not disappointed. The stories of this issue we hold to be particularly happy of conception and well written. They flow naturally and pleasantly. They also contain some apt comparisons and good descriptions, a few realistic touches, linked with a sufficient amount of human interest, to well repay their perusal. "In the Wonderland of America" fittingly tells of the beauties of our own native land. In the essay, "What the Kindergarten Does for the Child," we found some beautiful and equally practical thoughts—thoughts that appeal or should appeal to all, especially to those to whom God has vouchsafed the task of guiding young hearts and minds. The essay is written in a clear, logical and pleasing manner.

"Christmas Bells" in **The Laurel** has a joyous Christmas atmosphere, describing aptly and poetically the joy of even the very bells on Christmas morn. The essay, "The English Monarchy under Saxon Rule," is very lengthy, but it evidences solid thought and earnest research, and its style is well up to the standard. "A Mother's Prayer" is an appropriate Christmas story. It has a smooth, conversational style. "Officer Fannigan's Last Arrest" turned out to be a pleasant surprise. The style is very appropriately bombastic, which adds much to the humor. It is the sort of story that should appear more frequently in college monthlies. The editorials are not numerous, but they have the right tone and spirit—that of dignity and breadth and calmness.

The Abbey Student came to us, well-burdened with good things. We see from the first page that you feel and appreciate the joyful Christmas spirit. "The Beauty of that Thatchless Poverty," is an elegant, reflective little poem, breathing forth the sweetness of the Yule-tide. The stories are also very fine, both in theme and variety, giving us many little touches of real life in a quiet, unobtrusive manner. The essay on Webster is well done, and upon reading it we feel Webster rising in our estimation, although the piece contains no exaggerations. The composition on "Bank Guarantee" touches a subject of prime interest in our day. It is handled in a masterful way and is evidently a product of study. We always expect some good editorials in **The**

Abbey Student and we are never disappointed. Those of the present number again contain solid matter, put before us in a short, precise and sincere way. They are, as they ought to be, heart to heart talks.

The **St. Thomas Collegian** presents a very scholarly appearance, without and within. It seems a trifle heavy, owing to the size of paper, but the printer has introduced some ornaments with admirable effect. "The Building of Character" contains some very noble and useful thoughts, couched in forceful, idiomatic and elegant English, and enriched by fine pictures and examples. The story "Under a False Impression," is especially good in description and conversation. "The Laborer" shows close observation, and a well-regulated sympathy for the poor. "A Dream—Come True," is, in our opinion, a story of exceptional interest and merit. It reads like a chapter from a first class novel. We do not mean to say by that that it lacks any of the qualities of the short story; on the contrary, it is excellent, both in conception and execution, but we mean to say that it reveals descriptive power, and that in a difficult realm. In addition, it makes a stirring appeal to the emotions, and has a very touching end. We would assign to this story a very high rank.

The **College Spokesman**, clad in Autumn garments, has appeared as well equipped as ever. "A Breach of Gridiron Ethics," is a novel way of disposing of a common foot-ball plot, and manifests some skill in its treatment. The essay on the "Grecian Drama," is a good appreciation of the subject and its influences, showing a good acquaintance with the same, both in its merits and deficiencies, as well as its gradual development. "A Lucky Forgery" shows no mean skill in the handling of dialogue. It holds the interest well and has a good climax. Your editorials have also won our favor, especially the first. The style and movement of it fittingly remind one of the grand idea itself, of a nation pausing in its pursuits to render thanks for favors obtained. At the same time it does well in asking a few well-directed questions concerning that much misused day.

The **Mountaineer** deserves the congratulations of the Ex-world on its centennial number. Few institutions of this

kind there are that have given such an array of cultured men to the country. The training they received while at college shines forth in the different addresses and poems written by them, all of which are of a high standard. Everything manifests love and sincere devotion to Alma Mater, and good cheer and feeling between old and new companions. May we all live to enjoy such a happy reunion.

"Stars Shine" in the **Fleur de Lis** has a soft, gentle and soothing tone. Its ring is true and original. The essay, "Is Shelley Misunderstood" shows a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and a lucid systematic sequence of thought. The style is exceptionally light and smooth in its flow. "The Ballads of Prince Jesus" wins the prize of beauty in this issue, although there are others that might well contend for it. It is beautiful in every regard. "Conscience and the Coach" is well thought out. The author evidently has something to say, and says it in a clear strong and pointed manner.

We like the flow of a "Christmas Reverie" in the **Purple and White**. It is quiet and restful. "A Counterfeiter's Christmas Eve" is placed before us in a vivid manner. It is interesting from beginning to end. "Christmas with St. Francis of Assissi," tells in a happy manner of the effect of the Christmas celebration as introduced by St. Francis. This issue is especially commendable for its gem-like Christmas verses.

"Christmas Chimes" in the **St Ignatius Collegian** has a joyful tone, and a ring of its own. "Twenty Years of the Republic," is a good and worthy review of Doctor Peck's history. "What is Life," is a fine little reflection. "The Spirit of Christmas" is tender and soothing and carefully molded. It reads like a beautiful Christmas carol of the inimitable Dickens. "Discarded" arouses our sympathy indeed. We think it very happy.

The **Solanian** contains a choice "Ode to St. Catherine." "When Greek meets Greek," proved to be a pleasant surprise and an interesting little story. "The Autobiography of a Shoe," is written in a natural and fine conversational way. In the story "His Vocation" we were treated to a pathetic though oft recurring scene of life.

The Indian Sentinel (Washington, D. C.) tells of the work done among the Indians in the Northwest and Southwest.

Whether one loves the Indians as the last of a brave but unfortunate race, or merely as members of the great human family, possessing immortal souls, it is inspiring to read of the work done amongst them by the Fathers and Sisters. It is a difficult work, but one that bears good fruit. For the Indians—like all children of nature—take kindly to the faith preached by the Black Robe; they have learned that he is their friend, who sympathizes with them and upon whom they can rely in their hour of need. The Catholics of the United States should esteem it a privilege to participate in the mission work for the few survivors of the race that once occupied the lands on which they now have their homes. One way of doing so is by subscription to the *Indian Sentinel*, which includes membership in the Preservation Society. Blank certificates for membership may be obtained from Rev. William H. Ketcham, 1326 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. The price of subscription is only twenty-five cents.

Of our other exchanges we have received, *The Nazarene*, *St. Mary's Messenger*, *Loretine*, *Blue and White*, *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *Institute Echoes*, *The Morning Star*, *The Agnetian*, *The Exponent*, *Niagara Index*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *Pittsburg College Bulletin*, *Manhattan Quarterly*.



The New Church.

THE needs of a growing College are many. One after another they manifest themselves. This has also been the experience at St. Joseph's. Each year has revealed some new want, and we can say that it has always been met without delay. Only last year an infirmary was erected, and various improvements made in the main buildings, and now that we thought the equipment almost complete, we are to have a new Church—and a grand one at that. The large at-

tendance has made it necessary. After the opening of school it was found that the present chapel is unable to accommodate all, and when this fact was submitted to the Fathers of the Congregation of the Precious Blood at the Fall Conference, they at once gave their consent for the erection of a new Church. A committee was appointed to confer with the Rev. Rector, Augustine Seifert, C. PP. S., concerning the plans and location of the same. This committee met in November, and accepted the plans of Mr. Herman J. Gaul of Chicago, which provide for a Church in the Romanesque style of architecture. The front is flanked by two towers, of the height of 130 feet; the extreme length is 172 and the width 84 feet. The material is red brick, with stone trimmings and a stone foundation. The Basement, which will have a height of 14 feet, will be used for a Refectory. A detailed description of the interior of the edifice will be given later, but we may say here that it will contain eleven altars, and a large sanctuary and choir loft.

The Church will be located southeast of the main building, facing north. It is to be completed next September, and will cost about \$70,000, exclusive of the cost of excavation and hauling material.

Some fifty feet to the west of the Church will be erected a Sisters' house, in which there will also be the kitchen and the store-rooms. It is thought that the space gained by the vacation of the Chapel, the Sisters' quarters, store-rooms, etc., will afford accommodation for about a hundred students in addition to the two hundred residing here at present.

It is a matter of great pride to the students, and, we are sure, to the graduates and friends of the College, that the increase in the number of students warrants the erection of such a beautiful and spacious chapel. St. Joseph's has enjoyed a steady growth, ever since its foundation, seventeen years ago. Without a cent of endowment and material help of any kind, and in spite of the fact that it is exclusively for Catholic students, it has added each year to its equipment, and we are sure that the erection of this Church means another forward stride, and that many more will avail themselves of the splendid opportunities afforded for the development of heart and mind and body.

“Indiana School That Educates both Head und Heart.”

(From the Indianapolis Star of Dec. 6, 1908.)

The following fine description of St. Joseph's College appeared in the Sunday edition of the *Indianapolis Star*, under the above heading, and accompanied by a picture of the College. The article which was written by the *Star's* special correspondent, Mr. M. W. Carr, was given a prominent place. Under the picture of the College buildings and campus we were pleased to note the following tribute:

St. Joseph's College, located near Rensselaer, Ind., has enjoyed a remarkable growth, and is now assuming prominence as one of the principal educational institutions of the state. The college is under the management of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. The College buildings are seven in number, and the grounds cover 400 acres. The school takes pride in educating both “heart and head” of youth.

We thank the editor of the *Star* and Mr. M. W. Carr, for their generous courtesy, and also the editor of the *Rensselaer Republican*, who reproduced the same in the daily and semi-weekly edition of his paper.

The article reads as follows:

Adjoining the city of Rensselaer on the southwest and ensconced behind clumps of woods—those islands of virgin forest in the clearing that have escaped the woodman's ax, or the greed of the husbandman for broader cultivated fields—is situated the classic village of Collegeville, the home of St. Joseph's College, conducted by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Precious Blood.

The college buildings, including the community houses, are seven in number, and are modern, commodious and substantial. Another building for chapel and refectory purposes, to cost \$70,000, is planned for next year. When this is completed a striking cluster of imposing structures will overlook a spacious campus and grounds 400 acres in extent, with a lake, the whole presenting an unusually attractive scene.

Little has hitherto been heard of this institution of learning, so quietly and unostentatiously has it pursued its humble course, and so timid has it been to raise its head above its woody surroundings. And yet after only seventeen years of existence, with its 250 resident students,

it merits high rank among the schools that in these latter years have given intellectual fame to Indiana.

Like St. Kieran's Clonmacnoise of old it woos the knowledge-seeker from local and distant parts and even from other shores to drink deep from the plentiful fountain of its Pierian spring, and it gives him "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over," that his hunger may be appeased with the choice things, both moral and intellectual, which he prizes and desires.

While this unpretentious college is abreast of many of the older ones in the high standing of its faculty and professors, in its curriculum of studies and in the other means employed looking to the ends to be attained, it has in addition this special excellence, that it pays marked attention to fundamentals, believing with the monastic teachers of the Middle Ages that the permanency as well as the efficiency and polish of the intellectual superstructure which we call education or learning, depends largely on the breadth and depth and stability of its foundation. It is therefore the policy and practice of St. Joseph's never to crowd the beginner, never to cram the lagging student, never to estimate a boy's progress merely by the pages he has hurriedly fumbled over. Hence its rule requires six years for the completion of the classical course, four for the normal and three for the commercial, in each of which it is empowered by the state to grant degrees.

Coupled with the above, and with the special excellence named, there is also the pervading influence of religion, with its moral atmosphere aiding in the enforcement of mild, but rigid discipline the formation of correct habits and the full development of a manly and Christian character. The Church's experience of more than a thousand years in educational work is tenaciously clung to by these disciples of blessed Caspar del Bufalo, the founder, in 1815, of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, for they educate the heart along with the head; they yoke science with religion in the work of equipping the youth for the battle of life, and they aim through these means to upbuild and develop the whole man in strength and symmetry, and in that happy proportion which gives open field to the marked talents of each individual student.

If parents are bound in conscience to see to the proper secular and religious education of their children, the obligation holds that they seek out or at least not overlook such institutions as the one here mentioned. Especially is this so when the terms and conditions are both easy and inviting, and when in addition to the mental and moral pabulum the creature comforts are most abundantly supplied.



Societies.

C. L. S. The months of November and December witnessed great activity in both literary societies, but especially among the Columbians. The meetings of this society were characterized by spirit and "get up;" the programs, with possibly one exception, were quite meritorious, and the reading rooms were also well patronized. The following public program of Nov. 22nd is worthy of special mention:

Music..... Band.
Recitation, "The Last Leaf". Joseph Vurpillat.
Selection, "Commemoration Ode, and Anecdotes of Lincoln"
. Joseph Nageleisen.
Dram. Rec., "The Revenge"..... H. Hipkind.
Declamation, "The Boys" Leon Dufrane.
Music..... Band.
Debate: Resolved that the Crusades were Justified.....
. Aff. L. Spornhauer; Neg. Charles Pfeffer.
Music..... Band.
Farce, "The Country Justice." Characters: C. Buetle, A.
Fiely, G. Aman, C. O'Donnell, C. Crock, L. McGurren, R.
Williams, C. Minick, J. Anheier.

The debate was again the feature. The theme, treating a very interesting subject was well handled on both sides, but the negative secured the victory by closeness of definition, happy illustrations and the knack of bringing out clearly the strong points in the argument.

Leon Dufrane, with his selection, "The Boys," was easily the star of the evening's program. In clearness of utterance, in proper emotion and correct understanding of his lines, this youngster is far above the average. He delivered his selection with ease of manner and well-nigh faultless elocution.

The Farce, "Country Justice" was a fitting finale to the program. Mr. Buetle as the Justice and J. Anheier as Foreman of the Jury kept the audience in an uproar, while C. Crock and Chas. O'Donnell as lawyers gave us a happy characterization.

The elections of Dec. 13th passed off quietly, but an incident occurred unprecedented in the annals of the Columbians. It was the unanimous choice of Mr. Faurot for President during his absence from the College, after a rousing eulogy by Mr. Buetle had dispelled all opposition.

The race for Vice-President was close, Mr. Koenn receiving it by one ballot. The other offices were filled by Henry Grimmelsman as Sec.; Bernard Voors, Treas.; Messrs. Jas. McIntyre, John Bennet, R. Carmody, Executive Committee; Charles Pfeffer, Critic; John Davis, Marshal; Messrs. Theodore Koenn, V. Williams, Chas. Pfeffer, Jas. McIntyre, Louis Nageleisen, Advisory Board; S. Reichert, Librarian.

The Cecilian. An enjoyable surprise awaited the musical talent of Collegeville on the feast of their Patron, St. Cecilia, thanks to the kindness of Fr. Toujas.

After the gathering had informally been called to order and Mr. Faurot unanimously chosen Chairman, the following selections were rendered.

“Quadrille”.....Orchestra.
 Cantata “Comrades in Arms”.Choir.
 Operatic Selections from Opera Martha.....Orchestra.
 Piano Solo, “Old Oaken Bucket” (Variations)D. Conlon.
 Trio Selections, Cornet, Violin, Piano.....
Messrs. Eppley, Wemhoff, Eason.
 Boildieu Overture “Calif of Bagdad”.....
Fr. Toujas accompaniment by J. Meyer.
 The “Sounds from Home Waltzes.....Orchestra.

The artistic part of the program was supplemented in the afternoon by luncheon and from all reports everybody enjoyed a good time. All join in tendering their sincere thanks to Fr. Toujas and pledge him their support in raising the standard of College music.

A. L. S. The Aloysians appeared in public on Thanksgiving for the first time this scholastic year with a program which was, to say the least, novel and refreshing in matter, and very happy in arrangement.

Mr. Eason opened the program with a “Thanksgiving Poem,” which reflected the joyous spirit of that day. His rendition of the poem was admirable, and his ease and confidence won the admiration of the audience.

Next followed a one-act play entitled "The Harvest Storm." The plot hinges upon a false accusation of a certain cashier in a London bank for the disappearance of an amount of money. Fleeing from justice, he takes refuge with his brother, who is the trusted servant of a gentleman in the country. Complications arise which make things look dark for both, but the mysteries are cleared up and the two brothers reinstated into the confidence of their employers.

Mr. Pauley, in the role of Samuel Lexicon, Lexicographer, kept the risibilities of his hearers in continual activity, while Byron Hayes as detective gave a good exhibition of the "sleuth." Also deserving of mention are A. Mestemaker, Leander Vurpillat, and Otto Birkmeier.

The remainder of the program was as follows:

Selection, "The First Hop".....	Orchestra.
Dram. Reading, "Fall of the House of Usher"...	Francis Shick.
Violin and Piano Solo.....	Frs. Arnold and Toujas.
Comic Selection, "Simon's Wife's Mother".....	John Berghoff.
Selection, "Opera Martha".....	Orchestra.
Farce, "The First Class Hotel." Characters:.....	
Seggott, a star boarder.....	A. Mestemaker.
Schmull, a German traveling man.....	Otto Birkmeier.
Bulger, a cranky traveling man.....	M. Pauley.
Landlord.....	J. Fralich.

Dramatic Reading, especially when taken from such an author as Poe, offers exceptional advantages for playing upon the emotions of an audience. The weirdness, mystery and almost sublime terror in "The Fall of the House of Usher" were well brought out by Mr. Shick, and although weak in some portions, his rendition was good and afforded us a quarter of an hour of intellectual enjoyment.

R. S. C. On Wednesday Dec. 9th the "Raleigh Smoking Club" met and elected the following officers to represent this important, if not absolutely necessary, institution of Collegeville, and incidentally to become the happy receivers of two cigars whenever the "Fates" are philanthropically disposed.

The officers are as follows; Pres. Jos. Vurpillat; Vice-Pres. Henry Berghoff; Sec. R Carmody; Marshal P. Froning.

The club takes occasion in this issue to thank all former donors and to express their ardent hopes for the future.

Athletics.

WITH the memory of Thanksgiving Day waned also the love for the pig-skin, and ere the season was two weeks old you could not wedge in endwise at the "free-for-all Basket-Ball." Owing to last year's experience in class team contests, order soon came out of the chaos, and the struggling mass resolved itself into seven class teams and and six Junior teams, all of which have dreams of a pennant tacked to their pole.

The first concern was, of course, a rattling, strapping good "Varsity" team, and after Mgr. Williams had chased his numerous aspirants through a number of hot sprints and practices he lined them up for the try-out games. The following were finally selected to constitute the "Varsity" team: William Dowling, Capt.; L. Nageleisen, C. Pfeffer, A. Mestemaker, M. Gruen, A. Besinger, W. Franze.

Mgr. Williams had already scheduled a number of games and on Nov. 28. the season opened in our Gymnasium with an overwhelming defeat for the Goodland High School. The game started in a whirlwind fashion which was sustained throughout. The clever foot and pass-work of Capt. Dowling, Nageleisen and Mestemaker had the Goodland boys bewildered. The excellent work of Besinger and Pfeffer proved to the satisfaction of all, that faster guards were never seen on the "gym" floor of St. Joseph's. The line-up:

"Varsity"	Position	Goodland H. S.
Dowling	Right forward	Gilman
Mestemaker	Left forward	Rich
Nageleisen	Center	Connelly
Besinger	Left guard	Weisner
Pfeffer	Right guard	Martin

Final Score: — "Varsity" 84; Goodland H. S. 11. Goals from field—Dowling 16, Nageleisen 9, Mestemaker 12, Pfeffer 2, Gilman 2, Rich 2, Martin 1,. Goals from foul:—Nageleisen 3, Dowling 1. Points awarded for fouls by opponents:—"Varsity" 2.

On Dec. 5th, "Varsity" traveled to Goodland, Ind., and again defeated the Goodland High School. The game was exciting from start to finish. While the "Varsity" relied upon team work, the Goodland boys were prone to individual play. After witnessing the effective and spectacular work of our two forwards, Goodland decided to play two men on Dowling, which resulted in rough play and which did not please our big forward in the least. At the end of the first half the score 34 to 30 in favor of the "Varsity." In the second half Pfeffer and Besinger braced up and allowed Goodland only three baskets, while Mestemaker and Dowling raised the score to 64.

The line up:

"Varsity"	Position	Goodland H. S.
Mestemaker	Right forward	Gilman
Franze	Left forward	Rich
Dowling	Center	Connelly
Besinger	Left guard	Smith
Pfeffer	Right guard	Rowe

Final score: — "Varsity" 72, Goodland H. S. 37. Goals from field: — Dowling 13, Mestemaker 15, Franze 3, Pfeffer 1, Gilman 3, Rich 10, Smith 4, Connelly 1. Goals from foul: — Besinger 6, Points awarded for fouls by opponents: "Varsity" 2, Goodland H. S. 1.

The "Varsity" added another link to its chain of victories by defeating their old rivals from Monticello, Ind. by a score of 47 to 24, on Dec. 12, at Monticello. The St. Joe boys held the lead during the entire game. Besinger received all the honors of the evening by not permitting Monticello's crack forward to score a basket. Pfeffer also distinguished himself by not permitting his forward to score in the second half. Stockton did all the throwing for Monticello. Dowling caged some very fine baskets from difficult angles. Nageleisen had his opponent center at sea, and the spacious floor demanded that Stockton should follow him.

"Varsity"	Position	Monticello H. S.
Dowling	Right forward	Robinson
Mestemaker	Left forward	Fisher
Nageleisen	Center	Stockton
Pfeffer	Right guard	Heath
Besinger	Left guard	Saylor

Final score:—“Varsity” 47, Monticello H. S. 24, Goals from field. Dowling 9, Nageleisen 5, Mestemaker 4, Pfeffer 1, Stockton 8, Robinson 2, Goals from fouls:—Nageleisen 6, Robinson 2. Points awarded for fouls by opponent:—“Varsity” 4, Monticello 3.

A game witnessed on December 19, caused quite a surprise to the spectators. The opposing teams were Monticello H. S. and the “Varsity Five.” In the first half Monticello had a decided advantage over the St. Joe’s boys, due to their continual change of positions while in action, which tended to break up the team work which had showed up so excellently in previous contests. The game was clean and fast and marked for the fine passing on both sides. At the end of the first half the score showed 17 to 10 in favor of the “Varsity” In the second half Capt. Dowling immediately endorsed moves and actions similar to Monticello’s; the result was that Capt. Dowling’s aggregation tallied 54 points, allowing Monticello being sadly defeated with its own method of play. Dowling and Pfeffer withdrew from their men at will, and leisurely caged baskets.

“Varsity”	Position	Monticello H. S.
Dowling	Right forward	Robinson
Mestemaker	Left forward	Fisher
Nageleisen	Center	Stockton
Pfeffer	Right guard	Heath
Besinger	Left guard	Saylor

Final score:—“Varsity” 71, Monticello H. S. 19. Goals from field:—Dowling 9 Pfeffer 7, Nageleisen 10, Mestemaker 5, Stockton 3, Fisher 2, Saylor 2, Robinson 1. Goals from fouls:—Nageleisen 7, Robinson 2. Points awarded for fouls by opponents “Varsity” 2, Monticello 1.

While the “Varsity” was doing this brilliant work, the home-teams were putting every available minute to good use in getting the various teams in shape for the contests and playing preliminary match games. The race promises to be a very lively one, and we will not indulge in any prophecy regarding it because the outcome may belie our forecast. The general interest in the contest has been much increased by the natty uniforms which the association has procured for the various teams.

On the first Sunday after the Xmas holidays the usual election of officers took place. Leo Faurot was chosen to wield the gavel; H. Berghoff, by an overwhelming majority was made secretary, and A. Link is to look after the cash. The Board of Appropriation was selected a few days later and consists of L. Nageleisen, J. Bennett, J. Fralich, O. Stallkamp, G. Hasser, and R. Carmody. Owing to the graduation of Mr. V. Williams, a new Gen. Mgr. of Basket-Ball had to be chosen and likewise a Mgr. for the "Varsity." A. Link was elected to the former office and G. Hasser, will henceforth guide the destiny of the "Varsity." With the machinery again in order and with a good fair breeze to help us along we are now off for the final part of our winter voyage.



Localisms.

TOO bad people cannot understand jokes! No sooner was the "Collegian" in the hands of some of the boys of St. Augustine's Study Hall, than they began to ask: "What does this mean?" "Who is this joke on?" "Show me the point in this?" All my conceit was gone in a moment. I had thought the jokes, slim as they were, could at least be understood by every person of average intelligence. Sadly disappointed, I determined to write no more, when suddenly I remembered that these jokes were not my own. I had merely collected them. They were the result of the wit of those very boys who afterwards failed to understand them. The joke is on you, boys of the upper study-hall, and it is of your own making.

Heard in the Gym—Is this the representative team that's going to represent the "Reps?"

Prof. —What does histrionic mummary mean?

Wm. —Mummeries that go down in history.

The other day Kennedy was standing on the scales. When some one said that his cap of leather weighed two

pounds, he took it in his hand and then weighed himself.

Rules for a well-regulated Student's Life:—

I. Never get out of bed when the bell rings. Wait until there is only one more minute left. Then dress on the way to the study-hall. If you are very fast, one half of a minute may be sufficient, but as breakfast hangs in the balance, one minute is safer.

II. Always be the last to go to chapel. You will then be at the end of the pew. Go out through the rear pew. Thus you will be one of the first to get out.

III. In the refectory sit at the center of the table, because you can help yourself from the dishes at both ends. Always take just so much more than your share as will not easily be noticed. For if you take a great part of another's share he will sometime take all of yours. Always remember that foresight is of great value even in the refectory.

IV. For the study-halls and reading-rooms have this motto "We want comfort," ever foremost in your mind. Never mind if your neighbor is cramped for space. Tell him to remember your motto.

V. The campus and the gymnasium are the best places for the ideal student. Here he can appropriate whatever he pleases. Don't fear evil consequences; no foresight is required, for might is supreme.

VI. When going to bed at night, if you are warm open all the windows, if cold close them. Hang this motto over your bed: "We want luxury." If you are tired, tell everybody to keep quiet. If you feel like having a good time, just have it. When anyone attempts to interfere, call him an old grandpa; tell him to go to sleep and that the noise was not made to disturb him.

N. B. A strict adherence to this six rules will insure a joyous and happy student life. It is not necessary to write the seventh rule, which relates to class-work. Everyone is well able to arrange that for himself. Besides, a written rule might reach the hands of a professor, who might consider it too severe to be followed by the average student.

Hank — I took two of your crackers, but one was only a half of one.

Jacob — When the Athenians wanted to exile a man they wrote his name on a nut-shell.

Prof:—What was the Conway Cabel?

Stef.—The first cable laid across the Atlantic ocean.

The Battle of Cemetery Ridge.

THE country of King Lepulus adjoins that of Collegeville on all sides except the north. Although the inhabitants of both realms are peace-loving citizens, there has always been a disposition on the part of the younger members of the Collegeville principality to attack the denizens of the other, merely to see them run, for they are extremely timid, and take to their legs at the sight of an enemy. On cold days, and when snow covers the ground, such an excursion is frequently ordered to keep warm and to vary the monotony of life.

Such a day was the sixteenth of December. For some time previous the enemy had shown himself before our very doors, intent upon robbing our stores, but when descried by our Nimrods he quickly took to the woods, eluding the pursuit of our fleetest warriors. In a council of war held in the smoking room it was determined to order a general invasion of the enemy's territory for the day after the first snow-fall. It was thought that the conditions of nature would then make it possible for us to capture the enemy to a man, inasmuch as he excels in speed but not in endurance. Such a day happened to be December 16.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of that day—for in the morning we were kept indoors for our ordinary citizens' tasks—our army moved in a southerly direction, under command of Major General Bernard Voors. It was noticed that the ranks were full of enthusiasm, but that the armament of our soldiers was of the most primitive kind, consisting mostly of curved sticks, long poles and thorny shillalahs. There was no gun among them, and even the officers were without swords. But nothing could dampen the ardor of the invaders. The tracks in the snow showed them plainly that the enemy was very numerous and that he had been on the ground but a short time before. General Voors gave the command of the right flank to Brigadier General "Hank" Berghoff, and that of the left to Major John Bennet. The objective point of the movement was a ridge of woods, west of the cemetery, where the enemy was supposed to be in hiding. Our main line moved along the lane, while the right followed the road which leads to the little school-house, and the left division kept close to the main road. Nothing was encountered for a while, until a small tract of marsh was reached, where one of the enemy, presumably an outpost, lay concealed behind a tuft of grass. Although fired upon by our advance guard, and almost knocked down by Julius Moeder, he escaped to the woods.

A detachment of the west brigade had an adventure, which ended disastrously. It was noticed that a number of tracks led into a wooden tunnel, commonly called a culvert. After a hurried consultation between the commander and his staff, it was resolved to approach the mouth of the chasm by stealth, and to force the surrender. Hence, the men moved silently forward, and having placed themselves at the mouth of the cavern, with sticks poised in air, they called upon the enemy to surrender, emphasizing their demands by poking a long stick into the aperture; when presto!—out came the foe, and before a word could be spoken or a stick applied to his back, he had dashed through our lines. It is even asserted, though on what probability the author knoweth not, that one of the would-be captors, fell into the ditch.

As the troops were now approaching the hill, a general attack was ordered. The right wing moved through low brush and shrubbery, which covers the western spur of Cemetery Ridge. Some two or three of the enemy's pickets were taken before they could retreat into the center of the woods. The engagement now became general. From all sides rose the cries of the attacking host, and the enemy, too weak to resist, and demoralized by the suddenness of the attack, fled in all directions, with our men in pursuit. Here private Michael Gruen distinguished himself by dashing through thorns and shrubbery, keeping right after the enemy, although his hands were bleeding and he was sore with many a fall over decayed branches and trees. In the thick of the fight General "Hank" personally captured an enemy, and holding him up by the neck, exclaimed, "Poor thing, it isn't dead yet. I don't want to kill it." Was it cowardice or good-nature?

When the battle was over, it was found that the enemy's choicest troops were in our hands, while we had not lost a single man. Only a few of our troops had sustained slight injuries. Private Leary suffered a broken toe and Private Spangler's locomotion was impaired by lack of wind.

Whether the army returned in triumph to their capital, or whether they entered alone and fatigued, the historian sayeth not, but it was a merry chase.

